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CONNELLSVILLE, PA.



# The Younger Set

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,

Author of "The Fighting Chance," Etc.

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"Gerald?"  
"What?" he said uneasily.  
"You promised me that you would not play again in my house."  
"I-I said for more than I could afford."

"No; you said you would not play. That is what you promised, Gerald."  
"Well, I meant for high stakes. I-I well, you don't want to drive me out altogether, even from the perfectly harmless pleasure of playing for nominal stakes."  
"Yes, I do."  
"Why?" asked the boy in hurt surprise.  
"Because it is dangerous sport, Gerald."

"What! To play for a few cents a point?"  
"Yes, to play for anything. And as far as that goes there will be no such play as you imagine."

"Yes, there will—I beg your pardon—but Jack Ruthven said so."

"Gerald, listen to me. A bo—a man like yourself has no business playing with people whose losses never interfere with their appetites next day. A business man has no right to play such a game anyway. I wonder what Mr. Neurgard would say if he knew you?"

"Neurgard? Why, he does know."

"You confessed to him?"

"Yes; I had to. I was obliged to—to ask somebody for an advance."

"You went to him? Why didn't you go to Captain Selwyn or to Mr. Go-rard?"

"I did; not to Captain Selwyn. I was ashamed to. But I went to Austin, and he fired up and hit me, and we had a miss-up, and I've stayed away since."

"Oh, Gerald! And it simply proves me right."

"No, it doesn't. I did go to Neurgard and made a clean breast of it. And he let me have what I wanted like a good fellow."

"And made you promise not to do it again?"

"No, he didn't. He only laughed. Besides, he said that he wished he had been in the game."

"What?" exclaimed Alice.  
"He's a first rate fellow," insisted Gerald, reddening, "and it was very nice of you to let me bring him over today. And he knows everybody downtown too. He comes from a very old Dutch family, but he had to work pretty hard and do without college. I'd like it awfully if you'd let me—if you wouldn't mind being civil to him once or twice, you know. I'm going to propose him for the Stuyvesant and the Proscenium. Why not?"

"I see. And now you propose to bring him to my house?"

"If you'll let me. I asked Jack, and he seemed to think it might be all right if you cared to ask him to play."

"I won't!" cried Alice, revolted. "I will not turn my drawing rooms into a clearing house for every money laden social derelict in town! I've had enough of that. I've endured the accumulated wreckage too long—wrecked treasure cruff full of steel and oil and coal and wheat and heaven knows what! I won't do it, Gerald. I'm sick of it all—sick, sick!"

"The sudden, blithed outburst stunned the boy. Bewildered, he stared round eyed at the excited young matron, who was growing more lucid and more careless of what she exposed every second.

"I will not make a public gambling hell of my own house!" she repeated, dark eyes very bright and cheeks aflame. "I will not continue to stand sponsor for a lot of queer people simply because they don't care what they lose in Mrs. Ruthven's house! You babble to me of limits, Gerald. This is the limit! Do you or does anybody else suppose that I don't know what is being said about us—that play is too high in our house, that we are easy in our choice of intimates as long as they can stand the pace? Do you think I was educated for this—for the wife of a cavalier of industry?"

"Mrs. Ruthven!" he gasped. But she was absolutely reckless now and beneath it all perhaps lay a certainty of the boy's honor. She knew he was to be trusted—was the safest receptacle for wrath so long repressed. She let prudence go with a parting and vindictive slap and opened her heart to the astounded boy. The tempest lasted a few seconds. Then she ended as abruptly as she began.

To him she had always been what a pretty young matron usually is to a well bred but harebrained youth just unwatered. Their acquaintance had been for him a combination of charming experience diffused with gratitude for her interest and a harmless soupcon of sentimentality. In her particular case, however, there was a little something more—a bit of the forbidden—a troubled enjoyment, because he knew, of course, that Mrs. Ruthven was on no footing at all with the Gerards.

"Dear Mrs. Ruthven," he blurted out with clumsy sympathy, "you mustn't think such things, because they're all rot, you see, and if any fellow ever said those things to me I'd jolly soon—"

"Do you mean to say you've never heard us criticised?"

"I—well—everybody is—criticised, of course—"

"But not as we are. Do you read the papers? Well, then, do you understand how a woman must feel to have her husband continually made the butt of foolish, absurd, untrue stories, as though he were a performing poodle?"

"I—I'm sick of that, too, for another thing. Week after week, month by month, unpleasant things have been coming up, and they're getting too heavy, Gerald, too crushing for my shoulders. Men call me restless. What wonder! Women link my name with any man who is kind to me! Is there no excuse then for what they call my restlessness? What woman would not be restless whose private affairs are the gossip of everybody? Was it not enough that I endured terrible publicity when—when trouble overtook me two years ago? I suppose I'm a fool to talk like this, but a girl must do it some time or burst. And to whom am I to go? There was only one person, and I can't talk to—that one. He—that person—knows too much about me anyway, which is not good for a woman, Gerald; not good for a good woman—I mean a pretty good woman, the kind people's sisters can still talk to, you know."

"I want you to believe me your friend," said Gerald in the low, resolute voice of unintentional melodrama.

"Why, thank you. Are you so sure you want that, Gerald?"

"Yes, as long as I live!" he declared, generous emotion in the ascendant. A pretty woman upset him very easily even under normal circumstances. But beauty in distress knocked him flat, as it does every wholesome boy who is worth his salt.

And he said so in his own naive fashion, and the more eloquent he grew the more excited he grew and the deeper and blacker appeared her wrongs to him.

She was very light hearted that evening when she dropped him at the Stuyvesant club and whizzed away to her own house, for he had promised not to play again on her premises, and she had promised to be nice to him and take him about whom she was shy of an escort.

On her way home Alice sadly reviewed the episode until doubt of Selwyn's approval crept in again, and her amused smile had faded when she reached her home.

Chapter II

THE house of Ruthven was a small but ultra modern thirteenth century affair, between Madison and Fifth, a pocket edition of the larger mansions of their friends.

but with less excuse for the overelaboration since the dimensions were only twenty by a hundred. Into this time-stone bombon box tripped Mrs. Ruthven, surrounded the miniature stairs with a whirl of her scented skirts, poured into the drawing room, but continued mounting until she whirled into her own apartment, separated from those of her lord and master by a locked door.

That is, the door had been locked for a long, long time. But presently, to her intense surprise and annoyance, it slowly opened and a little man appeared in silhouette.

He was a little man and plump, and at first glance his face appeared boyish and rosy and quite guileless of hair or of any hope of it.

But as he came into the electric light the hardness of his features was apparent. He was no boy. A strange idea that he had never been assailed some people. His face was puffy and pallid, and faint blue shadows hinted of closest shaving, and the line from the wing of the nostrils to the nerveless corners of his thin, hard mouth had been deeply bitten by the acid of unrest.

For the remainder he wore pale rose pajamas under a silk and silver kimono, an obi pierced with a jeweled scarfpin, and he was smoking a cigarette as thin as a straw.

"Well," said his young wife in astonished displeasure.

"Send her out a moment," he said, with a nod of his head toward the maid. His voice was agreeable and full—a little precise and overcultivated perhaps.

When the maid pulled Alice out on the lounge, drawing her skirts down over her small stockinged feet.

"What on earth is the matter?" she demanded.

"The matter is," he said, "that Gerald has just telephoned me from the Stuyvesant that he isn't coming."

"Well."

"No, it isn't well. This is some of your meddling."

"What if it is?" she retorted, but her breath was coming quicker.

"I'll tell you. You can get up and ring him up and tell him you expect him tonight."

She shook her head, eying him all the while.

"I won't do it, Jack. What do you want him for? He can't play with the people who play here. He doesn't know the rudiments of play. He's only a boy. His money is so tied up that he has to borrow if he loses very much. There's no sport in playing with a boy like that."

"So you've said before, I believe, but I'm better qualified to judge than you are. Are you going to call him up?"

"No, I am not."

He turned pale. "Get up and go to that telephone!"

"You little whippet," she said slowly, "I was once a soldier's wife—the only decent thing I ever have been. This bullying once more, but, at the least, if you've any duty work to do, do it yourself. I've done my share, and I've failed."

He was astounded. That was plain enough. But it was the sudden overwhelming access of fury that weakened him and made him turn, hand outstretched, blindly seeking for a chair. Rude, even real anger, were things he seldom had to reckon with, for he was a very timid and timid and turned out gentleman, and civil emotion was not good for his arteries, the doctor told him.

He found his chair stood a moment with his back toward his wife, then

very slowly let himself down into the chair and sat facing her. "There was moisture on his soft, pallid skin, a nervous twitching of the under lip. He passed one heavily lined hand across his closed, shaven jaw, still staring at her."

"I want to tell you something," he said. "You've got to stop your interference with my affairs and stop it now."

"I am not interested in your affairs," she said unceasingly, still shaken by her own revolt, still under the shock of her own mounting to a resistance that had been long, long overdue. "If you mean," she went on, "that the ruin of this boy is your affair, then I'll make it mine from this moment. I've told you that he shall not play, and he shall not. And while I'm about it I'll admit what you are preparing to accuse me of. I did make Sandra Craig promise to keep away. I did try to make that in the foot Scott limit promise too and when he wouldn't I informed his father. And every time you try your dirty bracket shop methods on boys like that I'll do the same."

He sat up a bit at this calmly. She smiled, shrugged and, hurrying her knees in her clasped hands, leaned back and looked at him.

"What a thing! I have been," she said, "so afraid of you so long!"

A gleam crossed his faded eyes, but he let her remain past for the moment. Then, when he was quite sure that violent emotion had been exhausted within him, "Do you want your bills paid?" he asked. "Because if you do I'll pay them. Or, are not going to pay them."

"We are living beyond our means?" she inquired disinterestedly.

"Not if you will be good enough to mind your business, my friend. I've managed this establishment on my own winnings for two years. It's a detail, but you might as well know it. My association with Fine, Harmon & Co. runs the Newport and it and nothing more."

"What did you marry me for?" she asked curiously.

A slight color came into his face. "Because Rosamund Fane lied about you."

"Oh! You knew that in Madrid? You'd heard about it, hadn't you—the western thimber lands? Rosamund didn't mean to lie. Only the girls were all wrong, you know. And so you made a bad break, Jack. Is that it?"

"Yes, that is it."

"And I cost you a fortune and me a husband. Is that it, my friend?"

"I can afford you if you will stop your meddling," he said evenly. "You have made a point of evincing Gerald."

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll telephone Draymore. And—he looked back from the door of his own apartment—"I got Julius Neurgard on the wire this afternoon, and he'll die with us."

He gathered up his shimmering kimono, fastened, buttoned and again looked back.

"When you're dressed," he drawled, "I've a word to say to you about the game tonight and another about Gerald."

"I shall not play," she retorted scornfully. "For will Gerald?"

"Oh, yes, you will, and play your best too. And I'll expect him next time."

"I shall not play."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## FRAUNCE'S TAVERN

New York's Oldest Historical Landmark

At the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, New York, there stands an ancient landmark, Fraunce's Tavern, which has only recently been restored to its original appearance. The work of restoration has been so well done that should General Washington ride down Broad street he would easily recognize the ancient hostelry in which he had spent so many pleasant days.

On these old shelves he could still find the pewter mugs and drinking cups from which he and his fellow generals were wont to drink their draughts of beer and ale. Erected in 1719, Fraunce's Tavern was the rendezvous of the old Burgurers of New York, and in 1768 in its famous long room, the New York Chamber of Commerce was organized. After the evacuation of New York by the British, the old Tavern became the headquarters of Washington and Lafayette. Here the Continental Congress met to formulate and discuss their plans of campaign and on December fourth, 1783, Washington for the last time assembled his officers and bade them farewell in the same old room which had been the scene of so much good fellowship.

Here they had found rest and refreshment, and much of the vim and vigor of their efforts in their fight for liberty was due to the quality and purity of the Ale and Beer served in Fraunce's Tavern.

## Pittsburgh Brewing Co.'s Beer

would have been worthy of a place in Fraunce's. It contains all the elements which produce brain and muscle and endows men and women with stamina and strength.

All good dealers carry P. B. Co., the Best Beer.



## YOUR DISTRESSED STOMACH WILL FEEL FINE FIVE MINUTES LATER.

"Take your sour stomach—or maybe you call it indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas-tritis or Catarrh of Stomach. It doesn't matter—take your stomach trouble right with you to your Pharmacist and ask him to open a secret case of Epsom's Digestive and he'll put you on Epsom's Digestive, and see a whole lot of minutes there is left any trace of your former misery."

The correct name for your trouble is Food Fermentation—food souring; the Digestive organs become weak, there is lack of gastric juice; your food is not half digested, and you become afflicted with loss of appetite, pressure and fullness after eating, vomiting, nausea, heartburn, griping in bowels, tenderness in the pit of stomach, and taste in mouth, constipation, pain in limbs, sleeplessness, belching of gas, and sleep on sandy or sticky food in his subterranean home while the wintry winds blow. But their groundhog is not an all-winter sleeper, and can be seen scurrying about in the snow on our days when the sun shines bright and warm. He comes out many times during the heated portion of the day, during the season he is supposed to be sleeping and as often has been seen walking about in the snow.

The room which spends a great portion of the time sleeping during the cold months, comes forth on sunny days and can be seen along the mountain brooks looking for crabs or any other native inhabitants.

It is doubtful if there is a single animal that sleeps all winter without awakening. Even the bear which is a true hibernator, often comes from his lair in the coldest winter weather, but bears have been known to remain in their winter homes for weeks at a time, where they live off the fat of their body like all other hibernators.

The little ground squirrel or chipmunk stores up nuts in the fall for winter use and often remains in their snug holes for days at a time. But they also come to the outside world at various times during the cold weather. The gray squirrel unlike the other two, do not gather in a store of nuts, but go forth throughout the winter and

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## HIBERNATORS WILL SOON GO TO SLEEP.

Various Reptiles and Animals Prepare for Long Siesta.

PREPARING WINTER QUARTERS.

While Many Animals Slumber During Cold Weather Several Make Excursions Out on Warm Days—Raccoons Are Numerous.

This is the season of the year when the catfish, eels, turtles of all kinds and snakes of different varieties are seeking comfortable places for their long winter nap. Frogs and turtles are also hunting places deep down in the mud in springs and ponds and soon all will be laid away comfortably for the period of their annual rest.

The ground hog will begin his long

hant for wood. A gray squirrel will bury a nut in the fall and in the winter go to the exact spot when the ground is covered with snow and dig out the buried nut, which is truly wonderful.

Raccoons have not been hunted much in this section of the state for some years as many of the old timers had given up the sport, with the result that there have been very few racoon dogs in this country and vicinity and very little hunting for the ring-bills. During this time the racoons have become plentiful. A few night ago a crowd of racoon hunters succeeded in bagging seven fat animals on the mountains around the city and nearly every racoon hunter who goes out this fall succeeds in getting a racoon or two.

It is a great pity that these fine game animals are not protected by law like the rest of the game, and it is to be hoped that when the Legislature meets again, an act will be framed giving them adequate protection as if hunted by hogish hunters unrestrained by any law, they will soon again become as scarce as they were a few years ago.

McFarland and Cross to Meet.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—(Special.)—After long negotiations and several postponements, Mackey McFarland of Chicago and Lave Cross, the "famous fighter," are finally to meet in the ring in this city today. The two are matched for a ten-round contest before Jim Buckley's club. If McFarland wins the fight he intends to remain in the East for some time to come and probably will be matched for short contests with Joe Gans, Matty Baldwin, "Kid" Goodman, Tommy Murphy and other fighters of his class. The fight tonight is regarded as the most promising that has taken place here in some time.

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